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THE

MEN OF THE NORTH

AND

THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MONTREAL LITERARY CLUB, MARCH 31ST, 1869.

BY

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FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES OF COPENHAGEN.

AUTHOR OF "COAL TRADE OF NEW DOMINION," "INTERCOLONIAL TRADE," "NEW MATERIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF MAN."

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R. G. HALIBURTON, F.S.A.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES OF COPENHAGEN.

I do not come here this evening to speak to you of intercolonial and foreign trade, of canals and freights, or of our chances for the prize of commercial and maritime supremacy in the new world, topics which I have had the honor of discussing in the presence of business men, and through pamphlets and the press. Important as they may be, there are other subjects of not less vital moment to the Dominion. "Man cannot live by bread alone," nor can a people become a great nation by its commerce only. National wealth without public spirit is like capital without enterprise. National spirit without trade is like enterprise without capital. But national spirit is of slow growth, unless it is the offspring of a violent struggle, or of great sacrifice. It can only spring from a faith in a bright future, or from the memory of a glorious past. What is our past? What is our future? We have come forth from no historical struggle. We have no battlefield of Morgarten, no daring deeds of Tell, no Bunkerhill monument, no Faneuil Hall, no tradition of the stern patriotism of a Washington. Never did an infant nation crawl into existence in such a humdrum, common place, matter of fact way.

With nations as with men, youth is the spring time of life, full of freshness, vigour, hope and generous enthusiasm, and it nearly invariably constitutes the purest, and the noblest period of their history. From the fiery ordeal through which they have emerged, patriots come forth purified from the dross of selfishness, and a stimulus is given to the young nation which impels it far forward on the path of progress, before it subsides into that torpid sleep which tempts the vampyres of corruption and jobbery to fasten upon the state, and to suck out the life blood of the people. This national spirit we are putting off to the future. We are in fact commencing where other nations end. We are practising the cool wisdom and the cautious indifference of old age in our youth, and are leaving young hot-headed enthusiasm to spring up out of our maturity. As soon may we expect the buds of spring to burst forth under a summer sun.

Confederation has been the work, not of the people, but of able statesmen and politicians, and the august convention at which our constitution was framed, created as little excitement among the masses, as they would feel in the organization of a joint stock company, where the only question for the corporators is when they should sell, and for the public when they will be sold.

It is but a sorry speculation, where the shareholders have no hope held out to them of future dividends. *When shall we have our dividend from Confederation?*

Honors and offices, it is true, have rewarded our statesmen, but the mass of the people cannot be statesmen or officeholders, and as all must share in the burthens, all have a right to expect some share in the honor and the prosperity of the Dominion. Shall we ever become a first or even a second rate power? We are sprung from a dominant race, the first in peace and in war, and nothing less than a leading position will satisfy our people. Our corn fields, rich though they are, cannot compare with the fertile prairies of the West, and our long winters are a drain on the profits of business, but may not our snow and frost give us what is of more value than gold or silver, a healthy, hardy, virtuous, dominant race?

I shall not attempt to trespass upon what may be considered as the peculiar province of our statesmen, and of the oracles of public opi-

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nion; but without touching upon those political features in our constitution which may give us grounds for faith in our future, and without alluding to the many shoals and quicksands that beset the path of the ship of state, I may, while avoiding the delicate ground of local and political matters, turn to a far wider field, from which the student of history may be able to glean materials that may aid us in forecasting the national career that is open to us.

A glance at the map of this continent, as well as at the history of the past, will satisfy us that the peculiar characteristic of the New Dominion must ever be that it is a Northern country inhabited by the descendants of Northern races. As British colonists we may well be proud of the name of Englishmen; but as the British people are themselves but a fusion of many northern elements which are here again meeting and mingling, and blending together to form a new nationality, we must in our national aspirations take a wider range, and adopt a broader basis which will comprise at once the Celtic, the Teutonic, and the Scandinavian elements, and embrace the Celt, the Norman French, the Saxon and the Swede, all of which are noble sources of national life. From the past we may draw some augury as to the future. Is the northern land which we have chosen, a congenial home for the growth of a free and a dominant race? What is the stock from which we are sprung? Who are the men of the north and what is their place in history? Can the generous flame of national spirit be kindled and blaze in the icy bosom of the frozen north?

Here we are met by a knotty question that has pozed many a learned head, and is likely to puzzle many more before it is finally settled. Is it climate that produces varieties in our race, or must we adopt the views of some eminent authorities in science, who hold that the striking diversities now apparent in the languages, temperament, and capacities of nations, must have existed *ab initio*. In short that these must have been a separate centre of creation for each of the great families of mankind; and they urge with no little force the fact that nearly four thousand years ago, the negro, as depicted in Egyptian monuments, was precisely similar to the African of the present day, while his master very closely resembles the modern Copt or Fellah of Egypt. It is argued that if during more than four thousand years, or more than two-thirds of the existence of man, these types have been so unchanged, and apparently unchangeable, how can we assume that these varieties could have developed their present marked characteristics in the brief period of less than two thousand years. The difficulty, I believe, can only be got over by allowing an almost unlimited antiquity to our race. The Mosaic chronology will, I believe, stand the test of enquiry, and all the fallacies attributed to it by superficial thinkers will prove to be due not to the Scriptures, but to our interpreting as an historical record of ages past, figures which in contemporary works present the same peculiarities, and yet are manifestly not intended to be historical. It was once feared that the science of Geology was dangerous to our faith in the Bible, but it has not proved so, and no orthodox critic would undertake to say that the vast geological eras that preceded the birth of man, can be crowded into the narrow limits of seven of our days; nor will Ethnology find any obstacles from the statements of sacred writ, or be held to be a dangerous science, when it demonstrates the immense antiquity of our race from human remains found embedded in geological strata, indicating the lapse of scores of centuries. I shall not here discuss this difficult and important question. I may, however, state that very careful investigations of my own, extending over many years, into the correspondence between the customs and superstitions of all nations, an enquiry which no one else has systematically pursued, have afforded strong corrobative evidence in favor of the original unity of our race, as well as very good grounds for inferring an enormous antiquity for man's past existence on earth. The theory that there are diversities of origin of man would upset our belief in the fall and the redemption, and is not to be thought of unless the proof is too overwhelming to admit of doubt. Such enquiries should be conducted in a spirit of reverence, but without any fears as to the result, for we may be sure that religion and reason go hand and hand together, and that neither of them can ever be the enemy of truth.

The very point I am now discussing has an important bearing on the question. If climate has not had the effect of moulding races, how is it that southern nations have almost invariably been inferior to and subjugated by the men of the north? Why should a strange chance have planted the dominant families of mankind in northern latitudes? Climate, it is true, cannot in the lapse of a few centuries produce any very marked physical change, though even in one or two generations its effects are sometimes visible. But if we can allow forty, fifty, or a hundred centuries for the effect of climatic influences, we may bring ourselves to believe that even the woolly head and the black skin of the negro may have been the result of a tropical sun.

This point, however interesting, we must now dismiss from our consideration. That there have been dominant races, in every period of history, just as in every day life there are master minds that sway and control the views and feelings of those around them, is an unquestionable fact. To enumerate them all would transcend the narrow limits of this lecture. I shall therefore merely glance at the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, as the four great dominant races that swayed the sceptre of power until it was wrested from them by the Men of the North.

The most striking characteristic of the Egyptian race was its worship of permanence or endurance. Take their history and monuments as your guide, and you have before you a strange phase of human nature, a nation that realizes the strange myth of the early ages of the world, the revolt of the Titans, or of the Giants against Time, against Chronos or Saturn,

for the Egyptians were rebels against death, and insurgents against time itself. Christians may flatter themselves that they exceed all who have preceded them, in their clear perception of a life to come, and of a future state of punishments and rewards. But the Egyptian in this respect far surpassed us. To him earth was only the avenue to another world, and when he reached the gates of death, he was only entering the portals of life. He was mortal as a passport to immortality, and he lived and built not for the present, not for himself, but for all ages, for eternity. While he was living he prepared his own tomb, and when he was dead he was embalmed and defied the hand of decay, and still continued to be an honored guest at the festivities of the living. Should his descendant wish to bind himself by the most solemn covenant, he gave the embalmed remains of his ancestors as a pledge; and should he fail to redeem it, he was held to be infamous in this life, and accursed in the next.

We no longer use the embalmer's art to mock the slow hand of decay, but do we never pledge the ashes of our fathers? Whenever we lower those we love into the grave, we entrust them to the bosom of our country as sacred pledges, that the soil that is thus consecrated by their dust, shall never be violated by a foreign flag or the foot of a foe. And whenever the voice of disloyalty whispers in our ear, or passing discontent tempts us to forget those who are to come after us, and those who have gone before us, the leal, the true, and the good how cleared our forests, and made the land, they loved, a heritage of plenty and peace to us and to our children,—a stern voice come to us, echoing on through thirty centuries,—a voice from the old sleepers of the Pyramids, a voice from a mighty nation of the past, that long ages have slumbered on the banks of the Nile, "accursed be he, who holds not the ashes of his fathers sacred, and forgets what is due from the living to the dead."

The solemn, silent Pyramids that were old when the earth was young—well may we gaze upon them with wonder and with awe. By many they are supposed to have been built as a place of refuge from a return of the deluge, but it was against no mere flood of waters that they were intended as a safeguard. There lingers still a singular mystical tradition of Asiatic nations, which has escaped the attention of the learned, respecting "The Deluge of Time." And it was against this, against time and its overwhelming waters that bury the past and its memory, that the old builders of the Pyrimids were determined to rear structures which should defy the long flight of ages, and the hand of destruction and decay. In all Egyptian monuments, this spirit is plain and palpable. Look at the ruins of Carnac and Thebes, at the huge massive pillars, at the colossal figures of the Pharaohs, not marching on in triumph, or even standing, but seated in repose, as if with the firm intent of resting there forever. Look at the massive Sphynx, "gazing straight on with calm eternal eyes," as if the mind of the sculptor, typified by his handiwork, must have looked beyond the limits of time, far into the eternity to come.

We no longer attempt to defy time by rearing structures that can resist his destroying hand, yet our submission to the tyrant is an unwilling one, and that rebellious spirit that inspired the Titans and the Egyptians of old still survives in our hearts. When young we chide the lagging years, and when older we murmur at their flight, and at the last, we fight a hard battle at having to leave life just when we have learned how to enjoy it. Well, let us console ourselves by the reflection, that we shall yet outlive old Father Time himself, and shall set our foot upon his grave.

The Egyptian bore upon his very face the look of rest, of permanence, of endurance. Such a people might long be powerful and prosperous, but could never be a dominant race. Conquered by the Assyrians, the Macedonians, the Romans, and the Turks, the sceptre of power long ages ago passed into the hands of foreign invaders. "Destruction cometh. *It cometh from the North.* The daughter of Egypt shall be confounded, and she shall be delivered into the hands of the people of the North."

In speaking of the Assyrians I include those bitter rivals and unrelenting foes, the kindred empires of Babylon and Nineveh. Blinded by narrow sectional jealousies they may have lost sight of the fact that they had sprung from the same stock, and may have ignored the national ties of blood, and language, but history will not forget them, but masses together the leading incidents in the annals of both, as making up the glories, the disasters and the disgrace of one great dominant race.

And thus will it be with ourselves. Despite of all local, sectional, or national prejudices and rivalries, the annals of the English people and of their descendants wherever they are to be found, or wherever they may wander, whether in Europe, in America, in Asia, Africa, or Australia, will together constitute the history of one of the grandest and most noble dominant races of modern times; and in no age, in no quarter of the globe can anything glorious or disastrous be achieved or endured by an English speaking people, without reflecting lustre or disgrace upon us all.

What a strange contrast do the Assyrians present to the Ancient Egyptians! I never look at the pages of Layard and Rawlinson, at the representations of stately man headed bulls, at the huge limbs, the proud step, and the stern faces of the Assyrian Kings, but I feel that the spirit that breathes in the architecture, the sculpture, the symbolism, the pictures on the walls before me, is a worship of power and strength. They deified might. Their great ancestor, or rather their national divinity was "Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord." Look at the proud stepping human headed bulls with limbs of colossal size, the very embodiments of strength. Look at the pictures of the Assyrian Kings, their bold features how different from those of the flat-faced calm submissive Egyptian! Here is an imperious, a conquering race, that can brook no rival and can spare no foe. The Kings are not represented as seated, like the Egyptian Pharaohs. No! The conquerors of the world had no time for rest. They

are always depicted as marching, striding on with massive sinewy legs, the huge muscles of which, far too large to resemble reality, were evidently intended to symbolize might and power. And their step! It is the stride of the lion. Surely this was a dominant race, the terror of the world, who when they ceased to conquer, must have ceased to exist.

Well might captive Judah mourn when she found herself at the mercy of such cruel masters, who knew no pity, and even extorted a song of mirth from the tears of captivity.

The hour of retribution was at hand. A race mightier even than the Assyrians came down upon them, and the prediction was fulfilled "*Out of the North* a nation cometh upon her that shall make her land desolate and no man shall dwell therein." "Behold a people shall come from the North, and a great nation, and many kings shall be raised from the coasts of the earth. They shall hold the bow, and the lance. They are cruel and will not show mercy. Their voice shall roar like the sea, and they shall ride upon horses, every one put in array, like a man to the battle against thee, oh daughter of Babylon!" "At the noise of the taking of Babylon the earth is moved, and the cry is heard among the nations.

These two nations of the remote past, the Egyptians and Assyrians belonged to what we may call the Shemitic phase of ancient civilization. Excepting the Tyrians, Carthaginians and Saracens, we have no other branches of the Shemitic family that can lay any claim to being a dominant race. After the downfall of Assyria, the sceptre passed into the hands of the Arian or Indo-European family of nations.

The Turanian or Tartar race established no permanent foot-hold, in their fierce, but transient efforts to subdue the world. They swept at long intervals, like a tornado, over Asia and Europe, but their fury was quickly spent, and they left behind them but few memorials of their power except in the ruin and the desolation which they had wrought.

The Grecian and the Roman face were each typical of their national characteristics. The delicate features, the straight nose, and the graceful well balanced head of the Greek, are the traits of a nation that excelled in literature and the arts, who had a deep love for the beautiful and the sublime. The Roman face on the other hand is hard and stern, the features bold and imperious. There is here no weak longing for art. Everything indicates energy and action. The Greek imagined and depicted the sublime in language that can never die. The Roman was more practical. He made his life sublime, and stamped the history of his country with grander pictures of noble sacrifice and daring than the Greek ever dreamed of in immortal verse. The Roman genius was an insatiable thirst for national supremacy. With him from the beginning, Rome was to be the mistress of the world. The belief worked out its own fulfillment. The bent of the Roman character was political, that of the Greek aspired rather to civil liberty, and to social progress.

The little republics of Greece frittered away in petty civil wars, the energy and the daring that might, if directed aright, have made Athens the rival of Rome. Nor were the Greeks insensible to their inferiority to the Romans in all that is necessary for national supremacy. They knew and felt that their rivals were a dominant race, that were destined to tread them under a heel of iron.

Rome accomplished what Greece had left undone. She conquered the world and retained it in subjection by her valour, her political skill, her highways, her effective military organization and discipline, and by the prestige of her victorious eagles. The indomitable spirit of the Roman Republic is one of the most striking features in the history of the ancient world. In one respect they resembled the British race. They never knew when they were beaten. They were sanguine where any other nation would have despaired, and rewarded even the unlucky General who though he had lost his legions, had not lost what is far more value to a state—hope in its future.

Rome had a high mission to fulfil, and that was to pave the way for the introduction of a new era, of a Christian civilization. United under one government, the whole civilized world was at peace, and while the language of Greece gave the advocates of a new creed the means of making themselves everywhere heard, and understood, the majesty of the Roman law ensured the safety of the merchant and the missionary alike from the Thames to the Euphrates.

"The Romans says Professor Max Muller, in his admirable lectures on the "Science of Language" (*) were in all scientific matters, merely the parrots of the Greeks. Having themselves been called barbarians, they soon learned to apply the same name to all other nations, except of course, to their masters, the Greeks. Now *barbarian* is one of those lazy expressions which seem to say everything, and in reality says nothing. It was applied as recklessly as the word *heretic* during the middle ages. If the Romans had not received this convenient name of barbarian ready made for them, they would have treated their neighbours, the Celts and Germans, with more respect and sympathy, they would, at all events, have looked at them with a more discriminating eye. And if they had done so, they would have discovered, in spite of outward differences, that these barbarians were after all not very distant cousins. There was as much similarity between the language of Cæsar and the barbarians against whom he fought in Gaul and Germany, as there was between his language and that of Homer. A man of Cæsar's sagacity would have seen this, if he had not been blinded by traditional phraseology." "Not until that word barbarian was struck out of the dictionary of mankind, and replaced by brother, not till the right of all nations of the world to be classed as members of one genus or kind, was recognized, can we look back even for the first beginnings of our science. This change was effected by Christianity. To the Hindoo every man not twice born was a Mleckha; to the Greek every

* Lect. 4, 1st series.

man not speaking Greek was a barbarian; to the Jew every person not circumcised was a a Gentile, to the Mahommedan every man not believing in the prophet is a Giaur or Kaffir. It was Christianity which first broke down the barriers between Jew and Gentile, between Greek and barbarian, between white and the black. Humanity is a word that you look for in vain in Plato or Aristotle; the idea of mankind as one family, as the children of one God, is an idea of Christian growth, and the science of mankind, and of the languages of mankind is a science, which, without Christianity, would never have sprung into life.

When people had been taught to look upon all men as brethren, then and then only did the variety of human speech present itself as a problem that called for a solution in the eyes of thoughtful observers; and I therefore date the real beginning of the science of language from the first day of Pentecost. After that day of cloven tongues, a new light is spreading over the world, and objects rise into view, which had been hidden from the eyes of the nations of antiquity. Old words assumed a new meaning, old problems a new interests, old sciences a new purpose. The common origin of mankind, the difference of race and language, the susceptibility of all nations of the highest mental culture, then became in the new world in which we live problems of scientific, because of more than scientific interest."

But it was not to Rome, but to the barbarians, to the men of the north, that providence had reserved the task of building up a new civilization.

Old creeds and customs had had their day, ancient civilization had worn itself out, or to use an expressive phrase was "played out." Men had grown sick of the endless barren disputations of the schools of philosophers which seemed to produce no result but words and wind. The philosophers did not believe in the popular religion, and the very priests had become sceptical and no longer ventured to let the oracles enlighten men by their equivocal responses, and the worship of the Gods of Greece and Rome was daily becoming more lifeless, and the offerings on their altars grew leaner and less every year.

Gibbon and other writers have I believe not attached due importance to a fact, which when enquired into will be admitted by every student of Roman History and literature, that the host of deities worshipped by the Romans, were after the establishment of the empire, being rapidly supplanted by the worship of "the Queen of Heaven," the Egyptian Isis, and the Syrian Cybele, and that in the lapse of one or two centuries, had Christianity not seized upon the vacant tenement, the Egyptian religion, the adoration of "the Queen of Heaven," would have become the national creed of the Roman Empire, and Alexandria would have held the place which has since been occupied by Jerusalem, Rome and Byzantium. "The unbounded attachment of the women to Isis" says a learned editor of Juvenal "seems to have finally seduced the men, and this strange divinity whose temples were little better than marts of debauchery, was suffered to usurp by rapid degrees the attributes of almost every other God."* Even in philosophy itself the influence of Egypt was felt, and a belief in magic, supplied the terrors of superstition, as a substitute for the puerilities of primitive heathenism.

As this critical juncture Christianity supplied the want which was so sensibly felt by the worshippers of an effete system of religion. The rapid diffusion of Christianity was by no means miraculous in spite of all that has been written by well meaning authors, but the fact that it should have claimed the attention of the world at a period the most auspicious in the history of the world, may well be looked upon as providential. The train was laid, and it only required a spark to ignite it, and to explode for ever the myths, the fables, and the traditions that had outlived their time, and had lost their hold on the respect and judgment of the learned, and even on the fears and prejudices of the multitude.

The Roman Empire, embracing the whole civilized world west of the Ganges, became Christian in name, but how could a new and a pure religion be engrafted on the rotten stem of expiring heathenism? The race had grown rich and wise, and the Empire flourished, if prosperous trade, magnificent highways, universal peace and widespread education, can suffice. But there was a want that nothing could supply—the want of virtue and of liberty. Society was thoroughly immoral and degraded. Domestic virtues were only to be found in the traditions of earlier, ruder and purer ages, or in the homes of northern barbarians. Liberty was dead, and with it died all that can elevate and ennoble the species. Why asks the learned Secretary of Queen Zenobia, in his immortal work on the Sublime, why is it that genius is now no more. The loss of liberty he suggests as a clue to the enigma. The answer he supplies is no doubt correct, for poetry the voice of the heart can only be heard when it is borne upon the wings of liberty. Hampered and shackled by the trammels and bonds of despotism, the human mind became dwarfed, and a race of pygmies replaced the literary giants that were the last and the noblest fruits of the expiring republic.

To create a new religion, a new nation, and even a new Dominion, you require the hope, the energy and the generous impulses of youth. A decrepid old couple cannot hope to raise a young family and to see them provided for in life. The venerable old dotard may have "wise saws and modern instances" enough to guide him, but life, energy, vitality, hopefulness, and the daring enthusiasm of youth are far more needed to enable a man to fight the battle of life with success, or a statesman to call forth from the dead chaos of indifference and selfishness, of local prejudices and jealousies, the noble self-sacrificing spirit of national life.

But for the wild aspirations of one man Italy would still be the home of the Bourbons. Garibaldi, though he would make but a poor minister of Finance and a bungling drill sergeant, possessed what was of far greater value in the

* Stocker's Juvenal n. p. 397.

creation of a nationality than financial skill or precision in drill; and his boyish enthusiasm, foolish though it might have seemed, proved to be a tornado that swept away every thing before it. He was long a dreamer, but his dream became at last infectious, and a whole nation began to dream of liberty. A disorganized ill-armed mob led by a wild visionary, was able to defeat the well-trained troops of Austria and the Bourbons, and to work out the dream of the dreamer—a united Italy. It was this generous enthusiasm that gave the martyr of Union, the lamented McGee, such power, while his youthful, hopeful temperament attracted to him the affections of the young men of the Dominion. We may have many older and wiser heads to guide the ship of state, but where shall we find a heart so full of love for the cause of Colonial Union, and of bright aspirations for our future as that which was stilled by the hand of the assassin! With him we lost more than the influence of eloquence, we lost that motive power that is swayed by the magic voice of hopeful enthusiasm—a power mightier than the wisdom of the wise, or the arms of an armed host—a power that can defy and overcome the dangers in its way, dangers which are often only fostered by the timid tactics of temporizing sagacity. Pious hands have erected a tablet over the place where the Father of Confederation was slain. Let us hope and pray that history will not have hereafter to inscribe the memorial—"the blood that was shed here was the life blood of the Dominion."

How can we better express the grief and the admiration of his countrymen, than by recalling the eloquent lament of the Historian Tacitus over his illustrious Father-in-law, the Roman General Agricola, the conquerer of Britain, who fell a victim to the jealousy and the poison of a royal assassin.

"To myself and to your daughter besides the anguish of losing a parent, the aggravating affliction remains that it was not our lot to watch over your death-bed, to satiate ourselves with beholdiag and embracing you. With what attention should we have received your last instructions, and engraven them upon ourhearts! Every thing doubtless, Oh best of parents, was administered for your comfort and honor, yet fewer tears were shed over your bier, and in the last light which your eyes beheld, there was a something still wanting. If there be any resting place for the spirits of the good; if, as wise men believe, great souls are not extinguished with the body, may you rest in peace, and may you recall your household from womanly lamentations to the contemplation of your virtues which leave us no place for mourning, or repining.—Let us then rather adorn his memory by our admiration and by our short lived praises, and as far as nature permits us, by *imitating his example.* This is truly to honour the dead. This is the piety of every one who was near and dear to him.

Whatever in him we have loved, whatever we have admired, remains and will remain to the end of time, among the things of fame. For many of the ancients, as though ignoble and inglorious, oblivion has overwhelmed, while be handed down by tradition to posterity, will live on."

If the hope, the energy, and the enthusiasm of youth are required for the creation of a new nation, and even of a new Dominion, how much more were they needed for the development of a new world of thought, and for the growth of a new civilization. That of ancient Rome, whatever it may have been in its inception, had become essentially Southern in its characteristics. A warm sun, and a luxurious vegetation had enfeebled the man, and developed the instincts of the brute. Instead of bringing forth a rich harvest of what was needed for the health and happiness of men, the soil was overrun by a rank vegetation, amid which the vilest weeds took the strongest hold. Even the effete superstitions of Old Egypt began to creep out of the grave, and finding a congenial soil were fattening on corruption and decay.

The tree was barren, and rotten at the heart and no care, no skill, no cultivation could make it a healthy stock, and the stern fiat of the Almighty went forth, "cut it down, why combereth it the ground."

Nothing but a flood of waters could purify the earth; and a deluge from which there was no ark of safety, overwhelmed the Roman Empire. The floodgates of the North were let loose, and nation after nation of ruthless savages swarmed over the civilized world, stern barbarians sparing neither age nor sex, neither the altar, nor the hearth. Millions perished. Cities the abodes of wealth and luxury were left without inhabitants, and whole provinces and vast fertile districts were in a few years converted into deserts.

The innumerable hordes that swept over Europe suggested those lines of Milton,

> "A multitude like which the populous north
> Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
> Rhene on the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
> Came like a deluge in the South, and spread
> Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian Sands."*

In one campaign alone the Vandals destroyed not less than three millions of Romans, and Africa the fertile granary of the world became a wilderness. What the Goths spared, the Vandals ravaged, and what they were unable to efface was swept away by the still more savage Huns and other ruthless invaders. Never before in the history of the world was there such a fearful scene of desolation and death. Heaven seemed to have opened the gates of hell, and all the elements of destruction were let loose, to sweep out of existence every trace of ancient civilization. The very invaders believed that the hand of Providence was urging them on in their work of devastation. Well might their savage Monarch style himself "the Scourge of God." In every age such will be the title and the mission of the avengers, for to the end of time the North is destined to be "the Scourge of God" upon the enervated and enervating South.

In that wierd old rhyme the Voluspa of the Norsemen, a poem that must belong to the

* Par. Lost. BI. 351.

days when the herds of the Patriarch Job were wandering over the plains of Palestine, we find a strange prophecy of the destruction and renovation of the earth, which almost looks as if the bard foresaw and predicted the future mission of the men of the North, to sweep away every vestige of the dead past, and to build up a new world of life and hope in our race.

"Surtur of the South winds
With seething fire,
The falchion of the Mighty One.
A sunlight streameth.
Mountains together dash;
Giants headling rush,
Men tread the paths to Hel,
And Heaven in twain is rent.

Dimmed is now the sun,
In Ocean earth sinks.
From the skies are cast
The sparkling stars;
The fire reek rageth
Around time's nurse,
And flickering flames
With Heaven itself play."

But this destruction but ushers in a new creation, "What" asks Gangler in the Prose Edda, "will remain after heaven and earth and the whole Universe shall be consumed, and after all the gods and heroes of Valhalla, and all mankind shall have perished?" "Will any of the gods survive, and will there be any longer a heaven and an earth." There will arise out of the sea, replies Har, another Earth most lovely and verdant, with pleasant fields where the grain shall grow unsown. Vidar, and Valli shall survive, and neither the flood nor Surtur's fire shall harm them."

The waters of the Deluge at length subsided, and a new earth arose purified and purged of the sins and the stains of the past. The day dawned at last, but ah! how long and weary was that stormy starless night that has been well termed the Dark ages. The whole world, a prey to the ravages of cruel and barbarous warriors who lived and perished by the sword, seemed to realize the wild vision of the Voluspa,

An axe age, a sword age,
Shields oft cleft in twain,
A storm age, a wolf age,
Ere earth shall meet its doom.

In this era of rapine and violence which the Norse poet has so aptly depicted as a "sword age," "a wolf age," there grew up a peaceful power that made itself felt among savage warriors, and amid the clash of arms. It was the Christian church that first taught the insolence of brute force that there are other influences beside strength and courage that are entitled to respect. Ecclesiastics, though serfs by birth, claimed to stand on an equal footing with highborn chieftains, and the altar supplied an asylum and a refuge for the weak and the oppressed against the power of the strong.

Amid the profound darkness that veiled the intellectual sleep of the world, some few flickering rays from the lamp of knowledge seemed to give hopes of a revival of letters, but the light soon died out. It was a vain attempt that was made to lighten it from the smouldering embers of ancient civilization. Sun worshippers at the commencement of the year put out the old fires, and rekindle the flame with a pure fresh light caught from the rays of the sun. And thus it was with the age of which we speak. It was needful that on the eve of a new era in the history of the world the old fires of the past should be quenched for ever, and that kindled by the hand of the North, a new, and a purer light should blaze from the altars and the hearths of a new civilization.

Well was it for the world, that the hand of the spoiler knew no mercy, and swept away for ever every trace of a world that was dead and buried. This conclusion was once strongly impressed upon me, while separately investigating as a useful course of study, the rise of our modern civilization, of our laws, of civil and political liberty, of literature and of science. In every case I found the same strange chain of circumstances. and the same results; that whenever the Northern races that peopled Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire, endeavoured to reverse the hand of fate, and to revive what was buried with a dead world, the effort signally failed. An atmosphere of the grave clung to the venerable relics of ancient learning and institutions whenever they were brought to the light of day, and seemed to poison the living by the breath of corruption.

The attempt to revive the poetry of Ancient Rome was occasionally made, but it nearly invariably resulted in feeble imitations, which were rarely of greater merit or longevity than the laboured iambics and hexameters of a school boy. But when in the words of an eloquent German writer "the universal awakening of a new life and a youth of feeling in the age of the crusades manifested itself in the sudden and magical unfolding of that poesy which received among the Provencials the name of *la Gaye Science*, which diffusing itself over the intellectual nations of Europe gave birth to a rich and vigorous literature of chivalrous poetry and love songs;" when the Trouvères and Troubadours told and sang of the life of the living in a living language, when Tasso, Dante and Petrarch in Italy, Gower and Chaucer in Britain wedded the words of the people to immortal verse, then a new age of intellectual activity arose, and poetry, after its strange long silence of centuries, resumed its functions as the voice of the heart, and carolled over the joys or lamented the woes of humanity. Thus the Niebelungen Lied, the first fruits of German poesy, tells us it will sing,

'Of mirth and high festivities
Of weeping and of woe."

The history of the revival of ancient learning leads us to the very same conclusion. The discovery of the works of Aristotle, for a knowledge of which we are mainly indebted to Arabian scholars, was a godsend to a few foolish literati, who rivalled the empty disputations of the old schools of philosophy, wasting their time on empty abstractions that meant nothing and ended in nothing. But in the meantime the labours of the hopeful alchemist endeavouring to unravel the hidden secrets of nature, paved the way for experimental philosophy, and laid the foundation of modern chemistry, while the Baconian philosophy, the *philosophy of facts*, the

system of careful induction from well ascertained and certain data, threw open a new world and a new career to science, which having for long ages been striving to stand on the quaking and treacherous quagmires of abstractions, and theories, for the first time found solid ground in which it could rear the grand and ever increasing structure which is at once the monument and the fruit of its labours, and was able to attain those brilliant triumphs in every branch of knowledge which distinguish modern civilization from that which it succeeded. We dropped the mystical and sought for truth, we discarded the empty flummery of ancient metaphysics, and made the practical our aim and our end.

Why, it may well be asked, do we in our colleges and schools still strive to reverse the hand of fate, and to ignore the lessons of history? Why do we mould the minds of the young by the words and the thoughts of an age that, thank God, has passed away, and why do we even teach them to speak their Northern tongue by the aid of what are well known as "the dead languages." You might as well bring up a child in a burial vault, among the ashes of those, who though once great in their day, are but senseless dust or corruption, and expect him to grow up a great as well as a healthy man, as believe that we can breathe the atmosphere of that polished brilliant slavish degraded past, which it was the mission of our ancestors to sweep out of existence with the besom of destruction.

The pine woods of the north are gloomy retreats, and there are but few bright flowers to deck the sward beneath them, but the smell of the sombre green woods, and the breath of the cool wind that murmurs through their branches, bring health to the cheek and brightness to the eye. Fairer far are the savannahs of the sunny south, the fragrant oleander, the jessamine and myrtle, a thousand bright flowers that almost overpower us with their delicious perfumes, make us long to live where every thing is so lovely and so sweet, but there is death in that sweetness, and the night air poisons the sleeper with the breath of those bright hued flowers, and the vigour of manhood is lost in that dreamland,

"Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome we may well admire and reverence, but give me the ruder strains of our Northern bards. They breathe forth a healthy vigour and a quenchless spirit of freedom, and there is a snuff of the north wind about them that is worth more than all the fragrant odors of all the flowers of ancient poesy. I speak with no vulgar prejudice against the classics, for excepting some college professors there are few persons in the Dominion who have devoted more time than myself to ancient literature, and I never recall the years and the energy I have wasted on it without a feeling of humiliation and regret.

Let the dead bury their dead. This is a living age. We must think the thoughts, and speak the words of the living, not of the dead.

On investigating the history of our laws and of the rise of civil and political liberty in Europe, I found that the same singular result followed from all attempts to revive what Providence seemed to have consigned to the grave. Almost all the Northern nations had similar systems of regulating the rights of property and the remedies for wrongs. Their laws, were traditions called by them their *customs*, an unwritten code which still exists in England where it is known as the Common Law. Their customs were long preserved by the Lombards in Italy, by the Goths in Spain as well as by the more Northern nations of Europe, and it is a remarkable fact that wherever these unwritten laws have been preserved, civil and political liberty has survived. But the discovery in the twelfth century of the Pandects of the Emperor Justinian, led to a great change. It was an admirable code far surpassing in most respects the ruder customs of our northern ancestors, but it was the handiwork of despotism, and was the grave cloths of a world that had long since gone to its rest.

The Southern nations of Europe abandoned their customs, and adopted the civil and the canon law, and in every instance where this has taken place it has been fatal to political liberty, for only those have retained their ancient rights that have refused to adopt the laws of ancient Rome. All praise then to the noble barons who in the days of the Plantagenets, when urged to give up that system that was inherited from their ancestors, indignantly replied "we will not change the laws of England," *Leges Angliæ mutare nolumus.*

Such then was the mission of the men of the North. They were the apostles of a new, of a Northern, of a Christian civilization. How nobly they have done their duty, in the proud position in which they have been placed, time would fail me to tell. Every land is the witness of their achievements, and every slave has heard of the champions of freedom, of the land of the North where all men are free.

I must now bring this lecture to a close, I cannot attempt even to sketch the history of Northern nations and must content myself with merely indicating the place in history which they may claim. The question, however, very naturally suggests itself are all the men of the North, Teutons, Celts, Scandinavian, Ugrians, alike brave and vigorous races? Do all the children of the North inherit health and energy from the land of their birth, or has not the North been favoured by fate by having been the home of dominant races, that have made her name famous in history? In reply to this we must remember, that Northern nations are sprung from two perfectly distinct families, if language is our guide, the one speaking the Arian or Indo-European, and the other, the Turanian language. Yet both have proved themselves at various periods to be "the scourge of God" upon the Sunny South. The Turanian or Tartar race, such as the Turks, the Tartars, and the Hungarians, have left their marks behind them, but their arena was confined mainly to Asia, although both the Hungarians and the Turks at different periods very nearly succeeded in overrunning the whole of Europe, and in becoming the great dominant

race of the age. The Hungarians are still a bold dashing race, fond of war, and of liberty, but the Arian or Indo-European family of nations were the best known to history. Speaking languages which are younger sisters of the venerable Sanscrit of India, they embraced the Teutonic or German tribes, the Goths and Vandals and most of the Northern invaders of Europe, the Scandinavians, or Northmen, the Scalvonic race which founded the Russian Empire, and the Celts.

The latter were the first invaders of Europe, driving out before them a Ugrian or Turanian race, and have left their names on the rivers and mountains of Europe, as the Indian tongue still lives and will for ever survive in the names of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Ottawa, and the Alleghanies. More polished than their successors, they were not less brave. Their armies under Brennus (for Brennan means in Celtic, a King) burned ancient Rome, and another Brennus conquered Greece and destroyed the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and but for the military genius of Marius, Rome would have a second time fallen before the Celtic Cymbri, who deserting their home at Schleswig Holstein, invaded Italy where they were exterminated.

The most interesting among these Northern races were the Scandinavians or Norseman.

Believing that the warrior that fell in battle would share the delights of Valhalla, they laughed at death, it being a proud epitaph over a warrior, that "he fell, he laughed, he died." The hours of my life said King Ragnar "have passed away, and I shall die laughing." The same royal poet had sung of the pleasures of battle. "We fought with swords in the Northumbrian land. A furious storm descended on the shields, and many a lifeless body fell to the earth. The pleasures of that day were like kissing a young widow at the highest seat of the table." The force of this simile I regret is somewhat lost upon me, for although acting on the prudent maxim "never kiss and tell," I will not venture to say that I ever kissed a young widow, yet I must confess I never kissed a young widow at the dinner table. If any of the gentlemen here present have been more favoured or more fortunate than myself, they will be able to know and to tell us how happy our ancestors felt when they went forth to battle.

These men of the north were known as Norsemen, Northman, or Normans, and one of the districts from which they came gloried in the grand old name of Norland the land of the North. Their Vikings and Sea kings, sallying forth in their frail vessels, made the North once more a terror to the world. They overran France, and their sea king Rollo became the Duke of Normandy. The gallant Moors of Spain found more than their match in warriors, whom they regarded with horror as magicians. They conquered Sicily, they left traces of their prowess at Antioch, at Jerusalem, and they propped up the tottering throne of Byzantium with their swords. William the Conqueror, the Duke of Normandy, and the descendant of Rollo the Northern sea king, won the throne of England for himself and his heirs. Rollo claimed to be descended from the Gods of the North, and though a Finnish king, from Forntjotr the old Frost Giant, the father of the wind and of the Ocean; and it is as the heir of the sea king Rollo, that Her Gracious Majesty, the Royal descendant of the Old Frost Giant, now rules over a Northern race and sways the sceptre of sea.

The hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was by the foaming wave!
And there he gather'd bright renown,
The bravest of the brave.
Oh, ne'er should we forget our sires,
Wherever we may be;
They bravely won a gallant name,
And ruled the stormy sea.

Too narrow was their native land
For hearts so bold and free;
From bay and creek they sailed forth,
And conquer'd Normandy.
Then let their glory oft be sung,
In thrilling harmony;
And let it aye be borne in mind,
They ruled the stormy sea.

A thousand years are nearly past,
Since erst a Norman band
At Hasting's fought, and won the crown
Of Saxon *Engle-land*.
The sceptre of the main they left
To their posterity,
Who, mindful of their ancient fame,
Have ruled the stomry sea.

The Norman and the Saxon foe
Are long since dead and gone;
Their language and their races both
Are blended into one;
And we, their children, still maintain
Their old supremacy;
Wherever vessel spreads a sail
We rule the stormy sea.

Here in the New World, we, who are sprung from these men of the North, are about to form a New Dominion in this Northern land, a worthy home for the old Frost Giant, and a proud domain for his royal descendant. We have here strangely united together all the original elements of the British race. We have the Celt, with his traditions of "good king Arthur," from whom, through her ancient British ancestors, Her Gracious Majesty may claim descent; we have the Saxon or Teutonic element, and in Quebec we have a race that have come from Normandy and Brittany, the one the land of the Northmen or Normans, and the other inhabited by a Celtic race, cherishing the ancient British traditions of King Arthur and his twelve companions.

The Norman French of Quebec may well feel proud when they remember that they can claim what no other portion of the Empire can assert, that they are governed by a monarch of their own race, who holds her sceptre as the heir of Rollo, the Norman sea-king who first led their ancestors forth from the forests of the North to the plains of Normandy.

We have called the Dominion by the name of Canada. There is much in a name for a man or a nationality. I like Indian names for towns and for provinces, and there is something melodious and pleasing in the name of Canada, which favourably contrasts with the wretched dog-latin name of Nova Scotia. Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, can anything be more unhappy? For a province I freely admit that Indian names are preferable,

but should we ever become a nation, we need a name that will have some historical traditions, or at least some meaning and significance. What does Canada mean? Is it Indian? The Huron and the Mohawk stare at you when you ask them to explain it, and even the Micmac declines the honour of its acquaintance, and tells you he never heard tell of such an Indian. We have been driven to Portuguese or Spanish, I forget which, and to the doubtful tradition that the early discoverers looking for gold were told there was Canada, "no gold here," or "nothing here." Canada then either does not signify anything, or it means *the land of nothing*. What a glorious national cognomen to select! What a destiny—to be a nation of nobodies living in the land of nothing!

I am reminded of a story of a humurous friend of mine, a son of the late Judge Archibald, who has inherited his father's humour and wit. Whenever he comes to Halifax, he is beset by an old servant who is always on the look out for a half-crown. On one occasion he came up as usual, "Oh! Master Peter, I am so glad to see you, you're always the same, always the same." "Yes," replied Master Peter, who happens to be on the shady side of fifty, but is still Master Peter, "yes" he answered slapping his empty pocket, "I'm always the same, John, *you'll find no change about me.*" What our witty friend asserted of himself in jest, history will suppose that we have seriously claimed for ourselves as our national characteristic, that ours is "the land that knows no change." Why should we puzzle history by giving ourselves a name of which it can make nothing? *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* We are no nameless race of savages, who have no past which we can recall with pride, and no future which we can work out for ourselves and our children. We are the sons and the heirs of those who have built up a new civilization, and though we have emigrated to the Western world, we have not left our native land behind, for we are still in the North, in the home of the Old Frost Giant, and the cold north wind that rocked the cradle of our race, still blows through our forests, and breathes the spirit of liberty into our hearts, and lends strength and vigor to our limbs.

As long as the north wind blows, and the snow and the sleet drive over our forests and fields, we may be a poor, but we must be a hardy, a healthy, a virtuous, a daring, and if we are worthy of our ancestors, a dominant race.

Let us then, should we ever become a nation, never forget the land that we live in, and the race from which we have sprung. Let us revive the grand old name of Norland, "the Land of the North;" *We are the Northmen of the New World.* We must claim the name and render ourselves worthy of it.

Wherever we may go, we shall find it "familiar as a household word" and the flag of the northmen once more flying upon the ocean, will be a living memorial of a glorious past, and the herald of a noble future.

I once stood amid a crowd of tourists in a ruined abbey on the Tweed. The very dead seemed to be dying a second death, for the monuments on which their names still lingered, and which told of them as the former owners of the surrounding country, and of the burial aisle, were crumbling away, or being hidden by the luxuriant ivy, and the garrulous old guide told us quaint legends of those whose tombs we saw, and lamented over the "good lairds of Westoun," whose lands had passed into other families, and whose name had become extinct. "No," we replied, knowing that one of our party bore the name and was descended from the race whose last resting place we were exploring, "no, they are not all dead and gone—for here is one of the old stock who has come from America to shew you that though they may have died out in the Old World, there are still some of them left across the ocean who will preserve and perpetuate the name of the "good lairds of Westoun." The effect was magical. The old guide instantly deserted us to inform the villagers that one of "the old residenters" was still in existence, and had returned to the old homestead, and in a few minutes we were amused by watching a rustic crowd, that had collected around our friend, gazing upon him with open-mouthed delight. As they insisted on his remaining there a few days, we left him behind us, not among strangers, but among those who beheld in him all the local traditions and memories of "the good lairds of Westoun," embodied and revived. And thus will it be with ourselves, History the guide to the past, tells the nations of the daring deeds of the Northmen; how they made every land the witness of their chivalry and valour, leaving their trophies in Europe, Asia and Africa; how long ages before the days of Columbus, they discovered the New World, and how centuries before Jacques Cartier was born, they coasted along the shores of the New Dominion at least as far south as Cape Sable, and thus by right of discovery made it their own. And it laments that the Northmen have ceased to be a people, and have been merged and lost in the Danes, the Swedes, and the British race, that the name of Norland is forgotten, and that Normandy has become a mere province of France. But when it is whispered that in the New World, men of the North, sprung from the old stock, whose fleets are whitening every ocean, and who claim to be the third maritime power in the world, have assumed once more that old familiar name; when it is known that the ships of the Northmen are once more to be seen in every sea, and in every port, history will rejoice at seeing the past revived, and the world will give them a friendly greeting as they once more take their place in the family of nations.

This is no mere visionary dream of my own, for the thought has already found an echo in the poetry of the Dominion:

Over the waters sounding right lustily,
Borne on a breeze from the Northern Sea,
Down from the floes and the wicks of Norland
Where the Storm King reigns, mighty monarch is he;
Where ships are stranding,
And tempests are banding
Together, to work his wild behest;
From the Storm's habitation
Comes the song of a nation
To us sons of Old Norland out here in the West! *

* Poems by W. T. Urquhart.

I must now conclude, but before doing so, I must not be guilty of a want of that courtesy to the fair sex which has ever been the peculiar characteristic of the North. We have heard much to-night of the men of the North, but we have forgotten those who were not less important in moulding the character of our race—the women of the North. Time will now fail me to remedy the omission, yet justice and courtesy alike require us to pay them the tribute of a moment's remembrance. Nothing surprised the Romans more in the character of Northern nations, than the respect paid by them to women. The Roman historian while, extolling the domestic virtues of our ancestors was indirectly holding up to contempt the degraded state of society among his countrymen. Nothing, he tells us, was more to be admired in the manners of the North than the inviolability of marriage. "No one among them" he says, "makes a jest of vice, for it is not with them as with us an age of corrupting and corruption." The presents to the bride were not a rich trousseau, but cattle, a shield, a helmet, and a sword, as emblems to remind her that she must be willing to share not only the toils of peace, but also the dangers of war, and that she should be prepared alike to live and to die with her husband. *Sic vivendum, sic pereundum.* Nor was this only a matter of form. To the coward, death was a penalty which he had to meet at the hands of the women, if he dared not fall facing the foe. The Romans were amazed when they routed the Cymbri, at seeing the Celtic mothers in there fury slaying husbands, brothers, and foes alike, and perishing with their children by their own hands. The respect which Northern women thus merited and received, developed in time into the romantic feeling of chivalry, and it still lingers in that deference which is paid in modern society to the sex, and which so strongly contrasts with the low estimate in which they were held in the days of ancient Greece and Rome.

I am sick of hearing our poets forever harping upon the sunny South as "the land of love and song." The land of love! It may be the parent of wild passion, "the fiery, the fickle South,"

"Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
"Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime,"

but domestic love and affection find only a congenial home in the North. Why should we call the South "the land of song?" The tuneful warblers of the grove are all natives of the North, and annually return to their home to make it the land of love and song, and to rear up a hardy and healthy brood. The bright winged birds of the South have no song, and even the annual emigrants from the North, lose the gift of melody when they leave their own shores. Though the forests of the South are strangely silent, we must not forget the little snow-white *campanola*, so called from its note resembling the ring of a bell, which perched far up aloft on the top of the highest teak tree, looks as if some good spirit of the North, in the form of a snow flake, had wandered away with the emigrants. It may ring its chime. But it rings in vain. The anthem of the woods is silent. The exiles are mute, for like captive Judah, "how can they sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" They are true sons of the North. We may wander off to the plains of India, to the mines of Australia or Nevada, or to the plantations of the Mississippi. We may forget and even turn our arms against the land of our birth, but the tuneful emigrant will never forget her. As sure as the streams begin to flow and the flowers to bloom, he will, if he is living, be here to greet them; and should he be crippled by accident, or maimed by some bird of prey, and unable to accompany his companions in their homeward journey, he will pine for the land of his birth, like the crippled pauper who from the deserted pier eagerly watches the crowded home bound packet ship till it passes out of sight on its way to his native land, and the tears steal into his eyes as he turns away with the vain wish in his breast that heaven would but give him wealth enough to carry him across the ocean, or that he had the wings of a dove, "for then he would fly to his home and be at rest."—No! depend upon it, even if our little friend is unable to return to us, and is a prisoner in the South, his heart will still be with us, and he will flutter along the sea shore, and gaze wistfully over the ocean, as his companions become a speck in the northern sky, and vanish in the distance.

But if all goes right he will be here next spring, and we shall hear him singing his song in praise of the land of the North, of "the land of love and song." It may be the robin carolling from the top of the tallest spruce tree, or the linnet, as half tipsy with delight, it sways to and fro on some bending spray, pouring forth its gushing notes of joy,

As, however, our little friend is thousands of miles away from us, I may venture to give you the burthen of the song. I am only his interpreter, and all translations, as you know, lack the freedom and sweetness of the original.

THE NORTH—"THE LAND OF LOVE AND SONG."

"Oh tell her swallow, for thou knowest each,
That bright and fierce, and fickle is the South,
But dark, and true and tender is the North."
—*The Princess.*

Leaves were flying,
Falling and sighing,
Fading and dying,
Under the maple trees;
Under the trees I heard,
Was it the leaves that stirred?
Voice of a fay or bird,
Saying to me,
Singing this pitiful song to me,
Away! away!
Away,
We must not stay;
Away
Across the sea!
And every note
My heart it smote,
Till I wept at the wail of the little birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard
That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird,

Farewell to the North, the stern cold North,
The home of the bravo and the strong,
To the true, the trusting, tender North,
Dear land of love and song!
Hark! winter drear
It comes a near,
We dare not linger long.

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There's a path in the air, man may not know,
That guides us o'er the main;
And a voice in the winds, man may not hear,
Will call us home again,
When the winter dies,
And the west wind sighs
To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce the fickle South:
No voice of song is heard;
Though the oriole, like a sunbeam flits
With many a radiant bird
Through the mangrove's shade,
No leafy glade
By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark! Through the sleeping forest rings
The campanola's chime.
It calls in vain for the matin hymn
That wakes the Northern clime;
How can we sing
Home songs of spring,
Or the notes of summer time?

We silent seek the lonely homes
Of a long-forgotten race;
Through voiceless streets our wings are heard,
And many a stream we trace
From its unknown source,
In its downward course,
Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers
A whispering murmur hear,
Like the pent up moan of a mother's heart,
Or the sigh of a sister dear.
'Tis a voice from home;
Glad spring has come!
'Tis the sigh of the North we hear.

Homeward over the salt sea waves,
We rest mid sunny isles,
Where the earth and the sky are ever bright,
And the ocean ever smiles;
But the North whispers "come
To your home, sweet home!"
And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately barque,
And songs of the North we sing,
Till the mariners weep in their dreams with joy,
As they hear the voice of spring,
And the linnets strain
Steals o'er the main,
And the song which they hear us sing;

We have come to the North, the stern cold North,
The home of the brave and strong,
To the true, the trusting, tender North,
Dear land of love and song.

Under the oak trees lying,
Budding leaves I see.
Winter is dead.
Tassels of red
Burst from the maple tree;
And the robins and linnets are echoing back
The song of the little birdie,
'We have come,
We have come
To the land of our home
From far across the sea;
We have come,
We have come,'
And the woods whisper 'come,'
And my heart it says 'come' to the little birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard,
That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird.